

BARNARD STATUE OF LINCOLN

BY GERTRUDE GUTHRIE TREADWAY

A WEE mite of a boy was born in the shadow of the great struggle which was to weld a nation into union. Before this morsel of humanity could walk steadily, before his vision had widened beyond his mother's face, the great man who had stood at the head of affairs, wisely and justly guiding the country during its political upheaval, was sacrificed to maniacal fanaticism, yet the great beneficent spirit of democracy lived on after its embodiment in the rugged, simple, kindly Lincoln was martyred in a cause which has set forth to the world the ideal of true democracy.

History, in the unfolding and development of a reconstructed nation, has interpreted to the world the great thought which inspired Lincoln. It has remained for George Gray Barnard, born almost in the shadow of the martyrdom of the great leader, to interpret his personality and make it for a time permanent in bronze.

The tall, gaunt, ungainly, awkward figure of Lincoln unveiled lately in Cincinnati is an interpretation of Lincoln the man. There is in it none of the grandeur of the statesman or mightiness of the ruler. It represents the strength and genuineness of a mighty man. Mrs. Lincoln is said to have made her husband's clothes. The sculptor has not smoothed out one wrinkle which the angular shoulder blades and the rugged knees pressed into the homemade garments. The beauty of the statue is that of truth and sincerity of purpose. These qualities show in the great, patient hands and the rugged face which is that of a seer. The monument stands looking down the busy thoroughfare of Cincinnati, surrounded on one side by the old residences which formerly were the homes of the most cultured and favored of the city, and on the other side by the Union Bethel Home, which gives succor to the unfortunate of the great throng of struggling humanity, and the Anna Louise Inn, the beautiful boarding home for self-supporting young women. At the rear are busy factories where men and women are taking their part in the economic growth and independence of our country through the value of their labors; to one side stands a great modern public school so that school-children on their way in and out of the building which brings them together in their studies that they may become useful citizens gaze at the characterful face with the eyes which are vision-sighted and the hands that were wont to labor, and the feet that trod the lowly walks of life until called upon to lead the forces of a country into strong, purified national life.

It seems symbolically fitting that the monument to the Great Democrat should stand where all these varying elements of human life merge and mingle. The great bronze figure is there within the playground of the people; the public recreation park of the children of the streets is at its feet. It seems to gaze down the hustling thoroughfare serenely, intently, calmly, as if beyond the dust and the smoke the eyes saw the divine in man overcoming all earthliness and unworthiness as the soul-beauty of the great Lincoln overcame the seamed ugliness of his countenance and molded his homely features into beauty. This manly beauty as it is portrayed by Barnard, one of the few great sculptors which America has produced, is felt and loved by the beholder. It enters into the life of the onlooker and becomes an inspiration to him to accomplish the ideal as this simple, great man did it, through the love of fellow man which erases self.

As a little boy, Lincoln, to George Gray Barnard, was merely a man who had lived next door to his grandparents and who in the course of events had happened to become great.

To the children of to-day Lincoln stands as a great ideal. It is a little difficult to realize that he can have been a real, common, everyday man and have lived in a way similar to the lives of other poor boys and girls.

Time has emphasized the heroic until it is as a far-reaching influence; a world-wide principal that we know the great Lincoln. In the statue, which is twice life-size, the sculptor has recreated the man Lincoln in all his natural lineaments, so that when we gaze at the huge bronze the very breath of life seems to be under the wrinkled frock coat; the bony shoulder blades look as if they might move if one gazed long enough and the figure seems that of a man looking into the distance for the deliverance of nations.

The little boy who was to become America's foremost sculptor began to ponder

when very young upon the vastness of the things about him just as other boys and girls have thought and questioned.

A delightful old sea captain, who looked much like Santa Claus, but with more dignity, was his chief friend and companion during his early days. This old captain was a scholar and reader. He taught the boy to know and classify all the shells which they two found in wanderings along the shores of Lake Michigan when the Barnard family lived in Chicago while George was still a very little boy. Later on, when the fascination in shells had been outgrown, Barnard became interested in bird life as he had opportunity to observe it in the Iowa marshes near the parsonage to which his father, as a Presbyterian minister, had been called from Chicago.



The boy loved the outdoors. He wandered all about the edges of the marshes, often wading into the rushes. Many an evening at sunset he stood neck high in the reeds and grasses watching the sun sink over the water and the fringe of green marsh vegetation. As he thus stood filling his soul with the beauty of his surroundings he was imbibing the greatness and the vastness which he was afterward to express in the work of his powerful sculptures.

In the glorious evenings in which day and night exchange influences he watched the day birds of the marsh come home to the nest and the birds of the night wing their flight into the darkness unafraid, each species of bird living its life after the dictates of his own special kind of energy.

He came to know the language of the birds, to interpret their calls, and to know their manner of life. Sometimes he killed them, not wantonly, but in order to study the plan of their structure. Even as a little fellow he had the bent of the scientist. He must search and know. As young as six years he had begun to stuff and preserve bird specimens. By the time he was nine years old he had conceived and worked out the idea of building up a wire frame similar to the bone structure of the bird instead of stuffing the body. He is conceded to be the first naturalist to use the modern method of making a wire skeleton for mounting specimens of animal life. His mother used to drive out almost every day from Muscatine, in which she remained with the younger children, to the camp where her husband and the men were.

One day as George put a load of wild ducks, which they had shot for food, into

the buggy, he told her that the men had made him the camp cook.

"Do they want to starve?" she exclaimed, well knowing that when the kettle should be boiling for supper young George would, like as not, be dreaming head-high in the grasses of the marshes.

As the beauty and organization of nature began to be plain to him, the beauty and greatness of man began to be understood by the boy reaching out for the truth of life. Lincoln had been a familiar topic in the family. As Barnard grew older the greatness of the man and the power he had been in his country, and still is in the world, took hold of his imaginative, creative mind. The poetic beauty of the expanses of the marsh and the sky which he had drunk in on summer sunset evenings helped him to interpret the soul-beauty that dictated the thoughts of the great mind which man knows as Lincoln.

In the statue which is given to the world is the strength and the beauty of nature's man, the strong, natural man of woods and

bird specimens than the old-fashioned scientist who was in charge of the school laboratory plodding along in the accepted method of stuffing skins with cotton.

When young Barnard was fourteen he did his first piece of sculptor work from human life. The model was his little sister. She did not want to sit still, so her brother bribed her by giving her pieces of candy when she became restless.

This first study is now at the home of his father and mother in Madison, Indiana. The base of the model is the old kitchen washpan covered with clay. The support for the neck is a section of an old broom handle. Thrilled with success in getting this likeness of the little sister, Barnard determined that he wanted to become a sculptor. When he told his mother what he wished to do, she said in amazement, "Son, you know your father cannot pay for the schooling that will be necessary."

With that bigness which is a part of his nature, he answered: "I would never let father and you use your money to help me study. I will make my own way."

And he did—every cent of it from the time he was fourteen years old.

Young Barnard went to Chicago and was bound out in the old-fashioned way to an engraver. He got three dollars a week the first two years and six dollars a week the third year. Out of this he paid all his living expenses and managed to save eighty-seven dollars. From this amount he paid for a nine-months' course at the Chicago Art School and lived besides.

While he was a student there during this nine months he sold a study for three hundred and fifty dollars. With this amount he went to Paris to study. It is characteristic of his big, generous nature that years after, when he sold his first great piece which made him well known, he sent the money to his father and mother for the purchase of a home.

To George Gray Barnard, the great American sculptor, belongs the honor accorded to no other artist, of having his work presented to four countries. The original of the Lincoln statue was given to the city of Cincinnati recently by Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Taft. Replicas of this work have been presented to France, to England, and to the new Russian democracy.

It will seem like a good omen for the Great Democrat to look down upon the establishment of the new Russia of the people, even as his spirit has, during half a century, guided and influenced the growth of true democracy in the nation for which he gave his life.



One Hour a Day

"O, what wonders have been performed in 'one hour a day,'" says Marden. "One hour a day withdrawn from frivolous pursuits and profitably employed would enable any man of ordinary capacity to master a complete science. One hour a day would make an ignorant man a well-informed man in ten years. One hour a day would earn enough to pay for two daily and two weekly papers, two leading magazines, and a dozen good books. In an hour a day a boy or girl could read twenty pages thoughtfully—over seven thousand pages, or eighteen large volumes, in a year. An hour a day might make all the difference between bare existence and useful, happy living. An hour a day might make—nay, has made—an unknown man a famous one, a useless man a benefactor to his race. Consider, then, the mighty possibilities of two—four—yes, six hours a day that are, on the average, thrown away by young men and women in the restless desire for fun and diversion."



How Nerve Energy is Wasted

So many people needlessly and recklessly waste their nerve energy. They drum the chair or the desk with their fingers or tap the floor with their toes. They hold their hands. They sit in a rocking-chair and rock for very dear life. If they go upstairs they make the whole body do the work that was intended only for the legs. If they write or sew, they get down to it with a vengeance and contract their brows and wrinkle their foreheads and grind their teeth.

If they have an unusual task to do, they screw and contract and contort every muscle of the body, making themselves tense and rigid all over, when the work required but one set of muscles or perhaps the mind only, as the case may be.

Wasting nerve energy! Frittering it away!

Little things, to be sure. But little things have a way of adding themselves up into big things.—*Medical Talk.*

courts.

My 64, 44, 65, 16, 53 is unhooked bread.

My 62, 59, 66, 63 is not any.

My 2, 8, 25, 28, 42 is meat.

My 1, 57, 33, 15, 29, 51 is to be away.

My 3, 12, 68, 5, 9, 17, 46, 19 is a Canadian River.

My 38, 13, 39, 48, 67 is a very hard stone.

My 69, 4, 45, 10, 8 is a light vessel.

My 31, 11, 20, 27, 26, 58 is a nickname given a New Englander.

My 34, 35, 18, 61, 40 is a port.

My 60, 23, 36, 37, 63, 21 is a small groved wheel.

My 34, 47, 49, 30, 70, 45, 46 is a sea fish.

My 41, 50, 54, 56 is part of a timepiece.

My 14, 71, 55, 56 is a ridiculous blunder in speech.

My whole is a verse in Matthew.

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

MABEL E. OTIS.

Answers

1450.—4 years; 2,077 sheep.

1460.—1. Edith. 2. Mabel. 3.

Alice. 4. Cora. 5. Ethel. 6. Ruth.

7. Martha. 8. Mildred. 9. Grace.

1461.—Parent, horse, lake, several,

heathen, follow, Yale, hit, sieve, sigh, gag,

they, c, h. "For he shall give his angels

charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy

ways."—Psa. 91, 11.

A Railroad Which

Fights Its Own Fires

THE Transcontinental Railway of

Canada is going to fight its own

fires in the future. This is saying

a great deal, since every other rail-

road on the continent depends on available

city firemen when railroad property catches

fire, and when city firemen are not handy

allows its property to burn up, helpless to

save it because of lack of equipment.

When fires had destroyed valuable timber

lines along its right of way, and threatened

to wipe out whole counties if something was

not done to find an efficient means to combat

it, the Transcontinental Railway placed an

order with the Canadian Government Rail-

ways' Shop at Moncton, New Brunswick,

for a fire-fighting apparatus.

and good and shelter, but the clothing is

another matter.

Away back in the year 1883 a little

group of New York and Washington

women discovered a weak point in

the life-saving service that troubled them

considerably. Some of these women were

blessed with great wealth and social and po-

litical prominence. All of them had big

hearts and large brains and executive abili-

ty. While visiting the headquarters of the

life-saving service in Washington it was

learned by one of these women that clothing

was not included in Uncle Sam's relief work

for the shipwrecked, and that the life-

savers themselves, when the need arose, had

to solve that problem as best they could.

A club of women was formed the following

year under the name of The Woman's Na-

tional Relief Association. At first they

tried to make the clothing themselves, but

this soon was found unadvisable, and as the

Association grew in numbers and skill and

experience, they formed a purchasing com-

mittee and bought new clothing to send to

the destitute rescued by the Life-Saving

Service. They were allowed the privilege

of having a blue anchor as their emblem,

and no sooner had they formed the associa-

tion than it became evident such a club was

badly needed. They worked quietly, with-

out any desire for praise or publicity, sup-

plying their own funds from their own

pockets. There are no salaried officials, and

the expenses of the Association are very

little, in spite of the fact that it is run as a

business proposition—and a patriotic one as

well. In the last twenty-five years \$76,000

has gone out to aid the unfortunates of the

sea who have fallen into the care of Uncle

Sam's men. Three hundred to four hundred

boxes go forth each year, filled with the ne-

cessities that experience has taught the As-

sociation will be most welcome and most

needed. Even the life savers themselves do

not always know just how this clothing

reaches them, for in case of sudden need,

they merely notify the Government, and

Uncle Sam sends the requisition for clothing

to the Association of Blue Anchor Women

who at once respond. They work hand in

hand with Uncle Sam and delight in so

doing.

It was found that this Association

was greatly needed also in times of sudden

calamity, not connected always with ship-

wreck. It is a patriotic society, and ready

at a word from Uncle Sam to do its duty

which is also its pleasure. Is there a flood

"Fine, Massa George! Ise makin' three

dollars a day now."

"That's great, 'Rastus! What are you

doing?"

"Huntin'."

"Hunting? Impossible! There isn't

enough game around here that you could

get to make you three dollars a day."

"I sure makes it, Massa George. I takes

my old gun and goes out into the woods and

trap round all day. Maybe one mearly

'possum's all I cotch. At evening I goes

home and skin him, and my day is done."

"But how do you get the rest of your

three dollars? Surely that one 'possum

doesn't bring you that much."

"Down to the hotel, Massa George, each

'possum fetch me fifty cents. I then calcu-

lates Ise had two dollars and fifty cents'

worth of fun that day."—Selected.

Unprejudiced

A Kansas City lawyer tells of a case tried

in a county court of Missouri, says Harper's

Magazine. Counsel for the plaintiff had

finished his argument, and counsel for the

defense stepped forward to speak, when the

judge interposed. It was plainly seen that

his honor, who, by the way, was new to the

bench, was filled with admiration for the

skillful manner in which the plea of the

plaintiff had been handled. Accordingly, he

said: "No need to go any further. Plaintiff

wins."

Whereupon counsel for the defendant

gave evidence of becoming hysterical.

"Your Honor! Your Honor!" he exclaimed.

"Surely you will at least let me present my

case?"

Reluctantly the judge gave his assent,

and the protesting lawyer was permitted

to state his case. When this had been done,

his honor evinced even greater wonder.

"Well, well!" he exclaimed. "Doesn't it

beat all! Now defendant wins!"

Mary's Belief

They were speaking of the beautiful sex

and their kindly conversation in discussing

each other a few evenings ago, when this

little incident was recalled:

One afternoon two young women were

talking hats, servants, picture shows, and

things like that, when one of them casually

referred to a certain Mrs. Smith.

"Poor Mary!" commented the other.

INTERMEDIATE, FIRST YEAR

37. Judas the Jewish Conqueror. The First

Book of Maccabees; Heb. 11, 33-40.

INTERMEDIATE, SECOND YEAR

37. Breaking the Yoke of Oppression. The

Part of Shafesbury, the Friend of

Toliers. Isa. 58, 1-12.

INTERMEDIATE, THIRD YEAR

37. Jesus on the Cross. Luke 23, 26-56;

Mark 15, 33-37; John 19, 25-30.

INTERMEDIATE, FOURTH YEAR

37. The Organization and Work of Our De-

nomination. 1 Corinthians, chapter 3;

John 17, 20, 21.

SENIOR, FIRST YEAR

37. Friends and Companions. Ruth 1, 15-

17; 1 Sam. 19, 1-7; 20, 1-25; Prov. 17,

17; John 15, 13-17, etc.

SENIOR, SECOND YEAR

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6, 8.

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chapter 6; Isa. 11, 1-5, 9; Jer., chap. 31;

Acts 18, 1-17; Mark 9, 38-40, etc.

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9, 9-12; 1 Kings 3, 5-14.

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